

Gandhi Memorial College Of Education Bantalab Jammu

KNOWN MEETS THE UNKNOWN



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**BY
GOPI KISHEN MUJU**

**A Voice of Silence Publication
Plot 66, Tawi Enclave-Nandni
P.O. Gole Gujral, Camp Road, Talab Tillo
Jammu-180002**

KNOWN

MEETS

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THE UNKNOWN

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Voice of Silence

Tawi Enclave Nandni Gole Gujral

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PREFACE

This collection of poems set to be published in 2013 was lost in transition. However, after great effort a part was retrieved and is being published.

I am neither a poet nor a thinker or person with a spiritual pre-occupation but one who gets lost in solitude when there is silence around which provokes one to put down the feelings experienced at the moment.

These poems are a gift of that solitude which a man occasionally gets a chance to enjoy. This is to be felt and experienced at the moment but cannot be repeated. Such experiences are not the product of an effort or intentional thought, will or labour but an offshoot of spontaneity which rarely occurs and may be spiritual in nature. In fact poetry in itself is an expression of one's feelings, which might exhibit spiritual ethos.

Gopi Kishen Muju

Introductory note

BY PROF. H. L. MISRI

Here is a collection not only poetic to the core but also autobiographical in essence. It has been a common assumption that the source of poetry are irrelevant and that poetry can be evaluated, judged, appreciated or even criticized in terms of poetic art alone. This formulation has undergone a total change in response to the newly acquired deeper knowledge of and insight into human personality in general and intimate perceptions in particular. The change gets reflected both in the selection of situations and adoption of techniques. This fact is demonstrated as one gets in touch with Prof. Muju's dexterous juxtaposition of Contents and Form.

Poetry is deemed to be "characteristically sung and song is essentially rhythm. The emotion behind the song may be collective or individual depending on over-all response to the subject-matter".

We have a very emotional response to the lofty ideals of J. Krishnamurti Ji who loves both "the agony of life and the beauty of it". The emotion gets transferred from the individual to the collective through the art of simplicity of language that constitutes the very soul of a strong faith, a belief and conviction beyond all pretence or empty exhibitionism. It is the very heart that speaks, transmits and communicates with the rhythmic see-saw in operation. The Wonderful one and Homage to Kitty are emotions epitomized. No words could be appropriate enough to put across the depth of human attributes of affection and attachment as the very fountainhead of relationship.

Poetry has already come out of the confines of high brownish and all forms of art as an expression of the innermost are intimately connected with 'Consciousness' which must find voice depending on the individual as part of the collective.

Poetry is rhythm and life is rhythmic. Hence a very powerful element of variability which might irritate the chauvinist in Art and Literature. Rhythmical language is the language of collective emotion and that explains the motive behind the publication. Prof. Muju emerges as the very instrument of transference of emotional turbulence from the lower plane of an individual to higher reaches.

Hence "Known meets the Unknown"

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HE **(Dedicated to J. Krishnamurti Ji)**

He was "found" at the seashore
Off the plains of India
Shining in the light of the sun
Among a group of boys.

A young boy,
With an expression of innocence
His aura had no marks of selfishness
As the occultists could feel

Declared a "world teacher",
He went round
Through East & West
Holding discussions
Delivering talks and teaching
Just as a true teacher would do.

He spoke of Truth, Beauty and Joy,
And the ecstasy of being alone ,
He chanted about Love,
He sang of Happiness , Sorrow and Freedom.
The living of Life.

He loved the agony of life
As he loved the beauty of it,
Love, Death , Creation and Destruction
Were all same for him,
For him creation was in total destruction
And Complete Death

He spoke about intelligence
and understanding,
He urged to free the mind,
From mediocrity
From the cage of rituals,
dogmas and superstitions
And the vice of fear.

He urged for total denial
By "seeing the truth as truth
False as false
And truth in the false"

Total denial of thought ,
word and ideas
bring
freedom from known, he said.
"Denial of known
Is
The essence of freedom".

They heard him,
Followed him wherever he went,
Only a few could listen
And perhaps understand him !

Breaking all organizational set ups
He declared,
"Truth is a pathless land"
and organized religion
cannot set man Free
It shook the world of faith and belief.

They left him,
Distanced from him;
But he moved on his way
Into the realms
of Freedom and Happiness.
He moved on alone.

Alas !
He could not give them
what they wanted,
came for.

He pointed out , hinted at ;
But they wanted
to be led, to be shown,
To be fed with a spoon.
And he wanted them
to be Free!
Absolutely Free
A sign-board he acted ,
not a crutch.

He was a teacher and friend.
He denied being any authority
to be followed,
quoted and worshipped.
He toiled for man's Freedom.

He talked about
the Religious Mind, Meditation,
Cessation of thought
for the essence to be;
To receive showers of benediction
Thought must have a stop.

They felt disillusioned,
disappointed and sad
For they could not get
what they came for,
And sought, desired..

They left him
And went
to their gods and temples,
Rituals , beliefs and faiths
Superstitions, born out of fear.
For
they had many of these all.
They could not break
the chains of bondage,
And set themselves free.

He felt sad for them!

Alone but Free.
He goes his way,
Beyond the mountains
Beyond Time ,Thought
Into Eternity

Few understood him,
They alone
enjoyed the Music of Life
And sang the Song of Life
Loved and Lived it.

THE EVER CHATTERING MIND

The ever occupied mind
Knows no rest, freedom,
Chattering with itself
Is ever busy with itself.

Pleasure and pain,
Desires and sorrows ,
Tension, conflict
and sufferings,
Are its contents.
Agony of loneliness
Confusion born of choice
kill it
Ever growing desire
“to be” some body;
Something or the other
occupies it
It cannot know
aloneness,
To be by itself.

Like a monkey
Jumping from branch to branch,
Ever restless
Mind moves
from thought to thought..

Though caught in superficiality
It can pretend to be serious,
Engaged in serious thoughts, as if.

To be calm and poised
It struggles hard;
But that very struggle
keeps it occupied.
Desperate to be quiet
It adds to its conflicts

Sorrow is explained away
But not understood.

Caught in its own tension,
Contradictions and conflicts,
It seeks routes of escape;
Sensual pleasures,
Cheap entertainment,
Wealth and riches
Dragging it directionless;
Solace, peace
silence of mind is sought
In temples,
gods ,prayers and offerings
But conscious effort
cannot make it silent.

To let that silence,
That unknown enter,
Mind has got to be empty.
A filled pitcher
Has to be emptied
To hold fresh water.

Emptiness of mind is the essence
To understand..
For THAT to be
Mind has to be
essentially unoccupied.

How can an occupied mind
Penetrate into its own depths;
Space in mind
lies only in its emptiness,
Where Time, Thought cannot enter
And creation lies in that emptiness.

The Joy Of Being Alone

A strange feeling
Overtook suddenly
Against the backdrop.
of the enchanting music,
Created by
the gushing waters of rivulet.
In the silence of forests
Reaching the skies.

It was a soothing balm
in solitude
to a seeking mind;
The dancing of trees
in dark late night
was witnessed
by the half moon
hiding behind
the dark clouds,
as if shy
to show its face.
Shining far above
the moon, the stars,
too enjoyed
the beauty
of swaying trees.
There was a feeling
of emptiness
One felt lost in it.
Vacuum filled it all.
A great feeling of beauty
A strange feeling
of fullness

Unity , Gentleness
Yet powerful and serene
Where there was no
‘You” and” me”
filled the earth and sky.
A splendour it was.

It was all
A joy and happiness
to be alone
Beyond oneself
In a world of silence.
Could it be the bliss !

The Miracle

Cross legged ,
On the pavement,
She sat
In the shade
under the grand flyover.
Witnessing
the hustle and bustle of life,
flow of traffic of all sorts,
rich and poor
walking side by side
all amused her.
The honking of horns ,
meant no disturbance
She had become used to it.

Sitting on a torn out mat,
Legs covered
with a sheet of cloth .
as dirty as herself
and other belongings
in a bundle round her.

Disheveled hair,
Unwashed uncombed
for days together,
With unclean face
probably
unwashed for days
she sat silently
watching around..

The wrinkled pot
in front of her
Spoke for her,
Collecting alms
For her sustenance
And survival.

She did not ask for alms
Only muttered "*baba*"
Whenever any one passed
by her side
Or looked at her.
Her monosyllables
Were the best of her
Language
which spoke volumes.

Hardly anyone paid attention
Except some generous ones,
Who would throw
a coin to her.
Few would bend and put
the coin in the bowl..
A "beggar" she was
And it was a beggar's bowl.
Not any sacred urn,
To be kissed
and seek blessings..
Taking a few coins
from her bowl,
Fruits she would purchase
From the passing vender.
For food

she would request
some one nearby
To get it for her
on payment.
Some obliged,
some would not.

This was her routine,
Morning till evening.
Friends she had none.
She was a class by herself.

She was hardly seen moving about
This place was her abode;
Probably she slept there itself
With a rag bundle nearby
To serve as pillow.

Who was she?
Where from had she come?
where she goes for the night?
Hardly anyone bothered to know
For in cities
Pavements and footpaths
are full of such people !

A girl of eight to ten,
Pre-adolescent features
quite prominent
Her childhood was lost
On this pavement
Her abode for years now.
In sun and shower,
Scorching heat and

Sweltering weather.
Cold winds;
Charming features
still undamaged
unsoiled and not roughed
though covered
By dust and dirt

A natural luster
on her face
not ruffled yet
by circumstances.
Could still be seen
By a keen observer
A sympathetic eye

The innocence
of her eyes was obvious
Evoking empathy pity
One felt one with her.
An equation it was
The lustrous black eyes
shining like pearls
on a dark face
looked quite beautiful
and attractive.

These
Could win a place
of pride for her
but alas !

Would she spend
her adolescence too here !,

Where will her youth
take her.?

About her destiny
None can say anything
Where she will end up.
Who can say !

A beggar she was ;
But of a different make.
She would not
Or probably
could not
Hanker after passers by
for alms.
Made no attempt
to gain pity
Usually
in a sort of pensive
meditative mood,
Watching and observing people
She would be lost
in her own thoughts.
Was she looking for something unusual
A miracle to happen.!

Sitting at her place as usual
Uttering "*baba*" "*baba*"
Sleep overtook her..

A middle aged couple
passed by
Without taking much notice
Asked accompanying maid

to give her a coin.
The sound of the coin
woke her up suddenly ,
As if still in a dream
She shouted
“*Papady*”, “*Mammaty*”
An unusual utterance,

Stretching her arms
Her gaze fixed at the couple
The maid ran to her masters
A few steps ahead
waiting for her

The beggar girl
again shouting
“*Papady*” “*mummaty*”

The couple moving ahead
Had a knee jerk halt
A pause in steps
overtook.
The forward movement
stopping of its own.

There was again
a shout and shriek,
“*Papady*”, “*Mammaty*”.
The couple looked back
Only to hear again
“*papady*”, “*mammaty*”.

The couple could not help
But to take a u-turn
Backwards their steps moved
The moving steps
took them to the girl
An emotional outburst
There was
And
The girl again shouted
“*papady*”, “*mammaty*”

The couple looked
into her innocent eyes ,
The beggar girl too
Fixing her gaze
on their faces
She could not utter
a single word,
But tears
rolled down her dusty cheeks,
washing down its dirt
To make it shine

The couple
was in a state of shock,
Caught
in a helpless situation
Confused,
did not know what to do.
Dumbfounded
looked at each other.
No one speaking
All sobbing
With tears rolling down

from each one of them

A few passers by collected
There was a small crowd
Each asking what happened
Who could explain
Perhaps none.
What a dilemma it was.

It was all beyond
description,
Imagination
A real miracle
had happened.

The couple could not believe
It was their own child
Who would be running about
Playing with her friends,
Till polio had crippled her
And she was lost in a fair
Kidnapped for begging
And later.....

She was dumb,
But not deaf,
Only a few words , syllables
could she speak.
Her father was not "*pappa*"
but "*papady*"
And mother was not "*mamma*"
but "*mammaty*".

The shocked couple
Could not believe their ears
To hear
their pet names once again
As if hallucinating
They could not believe their eyes
To see their dear child
Though
so dirty, untidy and unkempt
Their heart recognized her
It all looked like a dream
Could it be an illusion !
They asked themselves.

A miracle had taken place.
Silence pervaded all around,
There was either the couple
Or the beggar girl child.
The crowd around
did not exist for them.
This was the whole creation
The whole universe
for all the three

All thinking
And thoughts
had come to a halt,
Time had stopped for them
No one uttered a word,
Only eyes spoke
That which is beyond
Human conception,
imagination and thought.

It was the Grace, the Bliss
Speaking the language of love.
Through eyes and heart.

The couple picked up
The polio ridden child
into the lap,
Embraced her ,
washed her tears
With their kisses
They kissed her hands,
feet and forehead
Ignoring the dirt on them
embraced her dirty demeanor
With grace, affection and respect.
“ Love is a flame without smoke”

There was silence all around,
And gods watched it all,
The miracle.

Evening sets in
Late in the darkness
Of night
The fat man comes
With a wheel chair
To take the beggar girl.
But alas , she is lost.
With no one around
To explain
Depressed ,
Sat at child's place.
She has been freed
From the greed of man.

Strange Are The Ways Of Love

Late autumn afternoon,
When farmers were busy
In harvesting.
One happened
To pass by
For an early afternoon stroll.

Pleasant, enjoyable
Walk on the road
Along the huge expanse of fields
With shining-gold crops
Was quite pleasurable
Refreshing.

With the slow soft breeze blowing,
The crops swayed. oscillating
In waves to and fro;
Wave after wave these danced
To their fulfillment.
Like the daffodils of Wordsworth
Huge heaps of harvested crops
Stood from place to place'
Promising a good supply of feed
For the year to come.

The farmers all busy
Were lost in their jobs;
They enjoyed it.
To work with ones own hands
Was a great pleasure.
Touching mother earth

They thanked mother earth
For the plentiful
Rich harvest.

Dancing in small slow
Rhythmical movements
As they worked
They sang village songs
Folk songs, harvest lores
To their full throat
Men and women together
Or in sequence.

They sang the songs of nature,
The beauty,
Lover and beloved
Meeting and separation
And life itself.

Even pangs of separation were expressed
Asking the beloved to come back
And join the harvesting season.

The beloved asked her lover
To come and join her
To enjoy the autumn breeze together
In the open fields
Under the fruit trees
When all must have gone home.

The songs echoed from
Far off skies, the horizons
A response to their gratitude
From mother nature.
The cattle too moved around

The lambs bleating
Calling their kitten
The cows sitting
munching and belching.
While the oxen
Tied to the bullock-carts
Or free
Waiting to carry the load back home.
Soon tea arrived
Several big *samovars*
Shining glaze ,
Reflecting the sun rays.
All sat in different groups
together
Enjoying cup after cup
Kept hot by the burning charcoal
In the inner funnel of *samovar*
Gossiping, making fun
All in a frolic mood.
Just as in a picnic
A daily routine
In the harvesting season.

Away from the worries of the world,
They enjoyed being in the fields,
Which they had been ploughing,
Sowing and harvesting since ages.
This earth was their mother
Their everything.
Their gods
They worshipped.
Their needs were limited,
Technologies had not yet
Taken over their minds.

They worked with
heart, head, hands and feet
With love and concern.

It was their religion, meditation.
No artificiality,
No mechanical functioning
Had yet spoiled their sensitivity
Innocence and simplicity
Were their great ornaments to wear
They loved the labour.
It was both the labour of love
As well as love of labour
Which fascinated them.

While elders were busy
The young ones too tried their hands
They would help their seniors
In the tasks.
Learning the art of harvesting
These children enjoyed to their fill
The fruits of the labour

The fruit trees here and there
Were bent with rich juicy fruits;
Bending as if in salutation
Offering their gratitude
To man and nature
Soon the fruits too would be plucked
Packed for sale.
Once free from the load
The trees
Stretching themselves

Would stand erect once again
In their original grace
Strength and beauty.

By the time one would be back
From the stroll
Those in the fields
too would be winding up day's show.
They also would be moving back
To their homes and hearths.
They had to store the grains
They had cut and brought
The grass would be stored
For cattle feed
For the coming months.

Their return by dusk
Would have its own charm.
The ringing of bells
Hanging round the necks of cattle
Would create a enchanting music
In the backdrop of evening silence.
The folks would be singing again
May be in a chorus
Or soliloquy or duet.

The waving of small tails
By the kitten
Following the mother lambs
Bleating and calling each other
Would be quite appealing
A real expression of love,
Mother child relationship
And bondage.

The huge caravan
Of men and women,
young and old
Accompanying their cattle
And harvest
Would be raising
Dust storms
Over the dusty rough village road
Running along the fields
Hiding the moving caravan
And blocking the vision for a distance
In the dusk arriving.

Soon sky would be red in the west
Indicating a hot morning
In the setting sun
The white lining of the clouds
Would be shining golden red
Creating varied images.
One can make anything of these images.
The sun would be soon
A big plate, soothing sight to enjoy
Inviting one to feel its softness
something beautiful
Not a fire ball of the noon..

And soon there would be
Silence, calm,
That tranquility,
Which is enjoyed only by a few.
The silence of skies and fields
Would not be competing
But be one

While all were busy
In a far off corner of the vast field
Was a small family
Separate from the lot

A woman poorly dressed
With a couple of young children around
She could be their mother

Children were semi-naked
Shouting and crying
The youngest one crying most
Perhaps demanding something
A toffee or a candy ?

Mother trying to solace
With promises, assurances,
But of little help.

Failing to calm the child
She lost her temper,
Beat the child mercilessly
In anger, frustration and disgust.

The more she beat the child
The more it wept
Creating a vicious circle.

She became ruthless in her beating
One felt as if she was going to kill it.
How could a mother be so harsh?

But the child continued to cling,
The mother felt helpless
She too started weeping with child
What a paradox

It was quite disturbing and painful
One would like to go near and help.
But soon there was silence
The child is quiet, sobbing
So is the mother
Stream of tears
rolling down her eyes

Holding the child quite fast
To her bosom
The mother would not let it go
Weeping, she clinched the child
Almost squeezing it to suffocation
And even death.
Seeing all from a distance
The father came
With a candy in his hand
Offering it to the child.
To console the child ,
He wanted to take it
into his lap;

Mother refused to leave the child,
So too did the child refuse
He would not leave mother's lap.
Mother and child
clinging to each other fast.
No force could separate them,

or
Break their bondage.

Looking into mother's eyes
The child felt sad
Mother weeps saying,
"Why do you tease me so much ?,
I love you a lot my dear child"
Offering his candy to the mother,
The child smiles. saying
"Mother, don't weep
I have hurt you a lot
Now take this candy
Father will get more".

Father smiles,
With own eyes deeply wet
He wipes wife's tears,
Holds her hand
to help her get up.
Laughing
the child jumps into his lap.
Picking up their belongings
They moved on.
Strange are the ways of love.

Known meets the Unknown

A moderate hot day it was,
But not so uncomfortable.
One liked to be indoors
And wait for the evening walk.

It was a beautiful evening.
The binding curved road
Along the vast fields
Seemed to be unending.

The air was pure and clean,
A cool evening breeze
Seemed quite refreshing
After day's indoor stay.

The hills looked magnificent
In the blue, violet and purple
Colour reflections.
A serene environment.

The fields were rich with crops
Varying from light to metallic,
To dark flashing green
Promising a rich harvest

The trees were slowly going to sleep
Some having already withdrawn into the night,
Some still holding the light of the day.
In spite of it all was awake

The black clouds in the west
Looked beautiful
While those in the east
Reflected the setting sun
Gradually collecting over the sky,
In graceful, silent movements
The clouds left no patch uncovered
Darkness was slowly closing in.

Hardly a few walked on the dusty road
For rains were immanent
The clouds were holding the rains
In the bosom fast.
To help people reach homes.

But in that calm
Everybody seemed to be awake,
The bushes, the dry river-bed,
The rocks and the hills and all seemed
Awake in the fading evening light

Nature was on its move,
For it knows no rest.

Soon the music of tingling bells
Hanging down the necks of cattle
Was heard
It did not disturb the calm around
But added beauty to it.

A group of villagers ,
Returning home from the fields,
With their cattle, carts

Seemed unconcerned over the clouds.
Though the village was yet far away.
They seemed to be in no hurry
May be they knew the pulse
Of the clouds, their sky and land.

The tired cattle
Seemed to be exhausted
But the whip
And the honking
Of masters
Made them to move on.

Innocence, helplessness
Was obvious from the looks of the cattle,
The cows, the oxen;
But could not express themselves
How sad!
One would like to
Pat and rub them.

They were all— men women
And cattle
Returning home
After days labour in fields.
A few ladies sang
Songs of joy
The rains and love.
Men echoed and joined them
Occasionally.

And the caravan moved on.

Quite far behind
At the end of the caravan,
Was a poor man,
A labourer,
Barefooted with torn-out clothes,
Who must have
Toiled a lot during the day
On fields.

Walking alone,
With a stick in his hand
And a head load,
He was goading
A bone-thin cow in front of him.
Pushing the animal with the stick,
He made significant sounds
To make it move fast.

The two must have walked a lot.
The animal like its master too
Seemed to be quite tired and exhausted
Both wishing for rest .

Man may even be thinking of "future"
Immediate future,
Evening, night- rest ,and next day.

Long distance was to be covered
For the village was yet away.
The cow could not move fast,
Nor stand on its own,
And whipping would not help much.

Struggling the cow obeyed the master,

Without retaliating
Halting at times
It looked into the eyes of man
Asking for pity,
An appeal there was
Its eyes were speaking something,

The master scratched on its back,
Patted it for some time

Soon they moved on.
Covering some distance
The animal stumbled
And fell down.

It could not express
Its agony and pain,
It only bowed its head to the master.
Trying hard to pull it up,
He prayed for some help.
But none came.

It was getting dark,
The advance caravan having moved ahead,
There was no one to be seen on the road,
Rushing and racing he went fast ahead,
Returning with a couple of villagers.

But alas!
It was too late,
The poor creature was dead.

The dead body was to be taken to village
For proper disposal.

Late in night the dead cow was brought home.
There was silence all around.

Grief overtook
The day's happiness
with tears in eyes
the villagers
mourned
poor creatures death.

The corps was
Covered and decorated
With wreaths of flowers
the animal was laid to rest.
Life and death
had embraced each other.

There was a shower,
A parting gift from gods.
For peace to the departed soul.
The villagers felt init
In it sothing balm
A shower of bliss.

The known was dead,
And what existed was unknown
In the Silence of that union
Lies creation.

The Sacrificial Goat

Bleating
Early morning
Was nothing new
To be heard here.

These creatures,
Were quite often
Carried this way,
To the slaughter house
To satiate man's hunger.

Several of these,
Goaded by
Musclemen
To their ultimate journey
At their hands
Would be seen
Walking this way.

But the bleating
Of this goat
Was unique.
It made
Strange sounds,
As if moaning
At times,
Indicating anguish.

It wanted to be free,
Being tethered to a peg
In the lane nearby

By the rich master;
Lest its "noise"
Disturbs
The "peace" inside.
Their House.
Its perpetual bleating
Was distressing,
And painful.

But who could question!
Any interference
Would prove a curse
As it was not any
ordinary goat.

It was a goat
To be sacrificed
With the blessings
Of a deity
For the good health,
Future and long life,
Of a young boy
Ailing for some time.

The *tantrik* and the religious priest
Had both advised
For a sacrifice
To placate, propitiate
The evil spirit
Which had entered the boy
And taken its possession.
Various religious rituals,
Ceremonies,

Chanting of hymns and mantras
Had not helped

Poor innocent people
From a far off corner village,
Denied and deprived,
Of "scientific" knowledge,
Did,
What the elders,
Equally ignorant,
Advised.

Blind faith,
Blind belief,
Had not yet left them.
Casting their dark shadows
Over their simple lives
These had over taken
The medical claims,
Whatever were available.

The all knowing,
All powerful,
Village priest and *tantrik*
Both had seen the fortune,
The future and health
Of the boy
In the sacrifice only.

Permutation and Combination
Of numbers;
Placement of stars in the skies
Had sanctioned
And advised

A sacrifice..

A sacrifice alone could
Save the boy
Whose days were
Otherwise numbered.

So a goat was bought
White black,
Soft wool'
It had plenty.

Its innocence ,
Harmless nature
Shining from its
Lustrous eyes.

A touch would
Cause shivering
In its delicate body.
Wagging its tail
It would look up
With hope, expectations.

In the touch
It felt
A hand of affection,
Trust, faith
And blessings.

Perhaps a feeling of joy
And love overtook it.
It could not talk,
But
Its body movements,

Expressive eyes,
Conveyed it all

An expression of innocence
It was all.

It had been tethered,
For over a month now
It was to be fed properly
To help it gain weight
And health.

A span of fixed time
Was to be covered
Before sacrifice,
As dictated
By the *tantrik* and the priest

Its pregnancy had
Added to its
Nurture and nourishment
And
Extended days of its life.

It had delivered a
Young one
Only a month back
When it was bought.

Need for mother's milk
Granted extension—
Though brief
To her life.

The mother goat
And the young kitten
Lived a happy life.

The goat tied to the tether
Could not move around,
The kitten
Though free,
Did not move
Away from mother.
Familial bondage
Tied them together.

Well fed,
Both felt
Happy and
Comfortable.

The sweet company
Of men and women,
They enjoyed.
Children played
With the young one.
Taking it into their laps,
They kissed it fondly
The softness of its body
Reflected the delicacy
Of its heart.
And feelings.

As well.
This game
Of nature and nurture,
Continued,
Till the day of judgment
Was fixed.

Next morning being fixed,
The goat was to be
Given a good bath
Garlanded, decorated properly.
With a red scarf
Over the neck and horns,
It was to be covered
By a red silken sheet
With green borders.
A bell hung over the neck
Tinkling and ringing
Producing music.
Amidst singing the songs
Of deity
And chanting of hymns
The goat was to be carried
On shoulders
For some distance
Then in a car,
Like a bride
To the deity.

The priest and the *tantrik*
Would be waiting
At the abode of the deity.
To receive the offer.
They would perform
Some religious ceremonies.
Receiving the deity's blessings,
The goat was to be taken back home
And slaughtered
At the feet of
The ailing boy.

Amidst chanting of hymns,
Singing and dancing,
Beating of drums.;
All this was to go
All along
To drown the
Crying and pain
Of dying animal,
Placate the deity
And perhaps
To ignore the kitten's feelings,
Who would not
Otherwise also know
The fate of its mother.

The schedule being set,
For the next morn,
Happily the family
Retired to their chambers,
In the large mansion.
All glittering with lights.

It was sometime between
Late midnight and early dawn
The boy shrieked,
As if in a shock.
He has a dream.
The goat pleading,
"Why do they want
To kill me for your health
And life.
See I too am young,
I too am a mother
I too have

A young one to feed
 I too love my kitten,
 I too want to live
 I too want to enjoy
 My life and its beauty.
 I too want to play
 And jump and run
 With my little one
 I too want
 My young one
 To live with me
 As your mother wants
 You to live..
 Your life and my life
 Is same, from same Source.
 Life and death though one
 Inseparable,
 Are in the hands of that
 Supreme Power,
 The Creator
 Which has created us all.
 I offer you my milk,
 Good company,
 You feed me so well,
 Look after me.
 We live as friends,
 Friends of Nature..
 So why do you want
 To sacrifice me.
 For your life
 "Killing innocent,
 Harmless creatures
 Is no sacrifice.
 If your priest *tantrik*' want sacrifice,

Let them sacrifice
Their selfishness, egos,
Arrogance,
Haughtiness,
Ignorance,
Superstitions,
False rituals
Born out of fear
Let them sacrifice their
False and blind beliefs,
False and blind faith
Let them know
Their own selves first
Before advising others
And preaching false things.
Let them see the
Truth in the falsehood they follow.

"I plead, pray
Do not get me killed
For your life.
I will pray
For your good health,
And long life
If I die,
My young one too will die
For me
You alone can save us"

Disturbed by the dream'
The boy looked dazed,
Half awake' half asleep.
A few convulsions
And he fell asleep.

Though a usual feature
The family members
Were all uncomfortable
Retreating
But in a worried state

As scheduled
For the morning,
The goat was washed,
Decorated,
Garlands put on her body
And so on.
Amidst beating of drums.
Singing of deity's songs
The goat was carried on shoulders,
And put in an open car,
as a bride.
Little did the poor creature Know
What was happening.
The kitten back at home
Crying for milk,

Struggled hard to follow its mother,
The mother bleating in the car
Struggled to be free
To meet its young one.

Taken to the deity,
Receiving blessings
The tantrik and the priest,
Accompanied the goat
Back home
To join the ritual
Of sacrifice

All rituals completed
The goat was brought
Near the feet of the
Ailing boy
To be slaughtered.
A butcher standing nearby ,
With a strong sharp chopper
In hand
Was a horrible figure
For the boy to see.

The goat was pushed down,
With legs tied fast,
Its bleating
Conveyed no meaning.
No moaning it was
For those standing nearby.
There could be no mercy,
No pity.
It was all ordained
To be executed through
The priest, the *tantrik* and the deity.
After all the goat was promised
A place in the Heavens
For its sacrifice.

The little kitten
In the lap
Of an equally young girl
Struggled hard to be free
And be with the mother.

And the mother struggled hard
To be free
To meet its young one.
Both held by force,
Cried for each other,
Tears rolled down
Their innocent eyes
Perhaps cursing their fate
And analyzing their misfortune
They had no choice.
Both were helpless.
Would they find an answer
To their agony
In their unconditional surrender
Perhaps!
As the legendary Dropadhi
Of Mahabharata
Could find in her choiceless,
Unconditional surrender.

Choice means conflict,
Confusion. struggle
So both surrendered
To the unknown
And were silent
Their surrender was unconditional
It was all choiceless
So no conflict.

Sighting the chopper
In the butcher's hand
The boy screamed

Like the last night
And went into a trance.

Gaining consciousness,
He found worried faces around
The *tantrick* and priest had said warned
'Auspicious time was running out
And if the sacrifice was not made soon,
Some tragedy would befall.'

Coming to himself,
The boy pleaded
Not to kill the goat..
Narrating his dream,
Tears rolled down his eyes.
He felt guilty to look at the goat
And its young one;
Separated and struggling.
The boy was in pain and agony
Feeling same in the goat
And its young one too
He felt one with these two
His own image in them
And their images in his own self.
And he was silent.

But the priest and *tantrik*
Insisted for the sacrifice.
They even pronounced a curse
And death to the boy
If the sacrifice was not made
The deity would be very angry
And harsh spell would fall on family.
The boy again pleaded

“Why to kill a helpless
Innocent creature for a human life;
With what promise
And whose promise.
Are we humane in this act of killing”,
he asked.

“If such sacrifices grant heaven
Then let those who advocate so
Sacrifice their own selves”,
“why a poor animal?”
Insisting that whatever is
Destined will happen.
Sacrifice or no sacrifice.

Boy's utterances created a stir,
And put the family in a dilemma.
Boy's pleading,
Innocent animals struggling,
Threats of the *tantric* and priest
And life and health of the boy
All created a sort of turmoil.

Father though disturbed,
Retreated for a while..
Returning
He heard boy's pleading
And agreed. .
Stopping the sacrifice,
He ordered the animals be set free,
Creating commotion all around
Disgusted
The priest and the *tantrik*
Left in anger

Cursing the family.

The young kitten
waging its small tail
Ran to its mother
And started sucking milk.
Mother goat licked its young one.
Tears rolled down everybody's eyes
The boy fondled both
The mother goat and the young one.
They became fast friends
The goat gave its milk for the boy
While the boy cared for it a lot.

The boy was taken
Care of by a qualified doctor.
It was a case of epileptic seizures
With some other associated problems.

Treated well
To survive a long healthy life
Without the sacrifice
Of an innocent creature.
Blind faith, ignorance, superstition
And fear
Are the other side of arrogance

Nature has its own laws
It moves as per its own plan
Whatever is destined
Will happen in spite of you.
You only live a responsible life

Of love and concern
Let love
Flourish and blossom.
In Silence.
For creation lies
In carefree love.

MORNING WALKERS

A vast meadow
It was;
Green and beautiful
Fresh and original

Yet, unspoiled by
Man's mind
Though managed by his hands
Giving it a shape.

High up were
Graceful and tall trees
Almost touching the skies
And in communion with gods

Swaying and oscillating
Majestically
In the morning and evening breeze,
Creating a music of silence
They presented an enchanting look.

High up in the plains
Grazed scores of cattle
Of all classes and breeds.
Unmindful and unconcerned
Of others and . surroundings
But alert .
Fully attentive to the master's call,
With ears turning
On a whisper.
Watchful and alert

To keep off any danger
And take care of their young ones.

A large number of them
Would be seen in these
Green pastures daily

The masters
Whether moving about
Or taking rest
In the shade under trees
Kept a constant watch
Over these creatures
Being their bread givers
Source of sustenance
And survival .

They would be taken
Due care of
Washed, bathed,
duly fed and treated
Like any other family member.
Master's hand was felt as a
Hand of trust, faith and love.
It was a blend ,
A picture of life
There was an equation,
A movement at same wavelength
Understanding
The essence of eternal
Love,
Between man, animal and nature.

An enchanting morning

It was;
Though early yet,
A good number of
Morning walkers
Full of vigour and youth
Were seen around.

More would be coming soon
As sun would
Go higher up the horizon

Jogging, running'
Brisk walking'
They moved along
Doing various exercises
For better health
As the movements
Of their limbs
Showed.

The elderly ones
Moving at a slower pace.

A large number of tourists
They were,
Escorted by the locals,
Simple looking villagers
With faces full of innocence.
All moving in different directions.
Enjoying
The morning fresh air
Some taking deep breaths
For healthy lungs
And life.

A few in their excitement
Took cross legged postures
For yogic exercises.

Chatting, gossiping,
Hardly did they pay
Any serious attention
To the surroundings,
the charming meadow,
they had come to see.
The Splendour perhaps of little value

The hordes of animals,
Or their master
Were of little
Interest to them.

Their Chattering minds
preoccupied
With their own thoughts,
Doing various acrobatics,
Some of them would
Occasionally
Produce a cry of surprise
And even ecstasy
On seeing the carefree love of
Animal and man around
The nature in full bloom

Dancing with joy
In the silence of the
Trees, the meadow,

The animal and man
Watching it all was a blessing.

THE RIVER

The full stream nearby
Was a unique sight,
Just as the meadow was.
It had its own sanctity,
Not any sacred river it was.

A living life
It was quite a wide
White-blue sheet of moving waters,
Going at its own pace.
Majestically with dignity.

There was maturity , grace
In its flow.
Soberness was reflected
In its silent movement.

Hiding below its clean waters
Was the Wavering and waving,
Blue sky
Perhaps feeling shy
To signal in open.

Was it any invitation to
Play with it.
A hide and seek game ?.

Somewhere below
A couple of smaller streams
Joined it.
Perhaps all had

Flowed down from
The same source
High up glaciers,
The ice mountains
Millions of years old ,
Quenching man's unending thirst.
Ever thirsty since creation.

Separated somewhere
In higher reaches, .
These streams
Had been in search
Of the mother stream.

Rushing over the mountains,
With roaring noise,
Tossing against boulders.
Carrying some with them
Across the paths,
Eager to join
The mother stream.
Sighting it from a distance
In excitement
These accelerated
To join it.

Full of youth and vigour,
Splashing right and left
These in joy, flowed down
As sheets of waterfalls
Even the rushing waters
With varying notes and tones
Produced their own harmony .
Beauty of which
Only a few could feel. and enjoy.

These couple of streams,
Flowing down
Found the mother stream
In a state of ecstasy
They created their own music
Dancing in rhythmical manner
Joined the mother stream.
Creating a vast beautiful
Span of water.
Icy cold but tasty.

Losing their individual identities,
These small streams and rivulets
Were one.

With the mother steam
Their dash calmed ,
Turning the whole
Into a vast wide river.

The big swollen river
Moved down slowly
But majestically
With elegance
In a stately manner ,
Demonstrating internal strength
Born out of silence, fullness.

Joined by the small streams
Full of vigour and dash,
The river had its own grace
And demeanour
It flowed down with serenity,
And majestic grace , splendour.

A vast field of
Deep silent waters,
It was a big expanse
Showing its broad bosom
Capacity to absorb, accommodate
Include, assimilate, dissolve
And even destroy.

It continued to move on.
Against all odds
Nothing could stop it
On its journey
To meet its beloved.

Flowing down silently
It accepted
All that was offered
Never questioning
Who was offering and what.

Flowers, garlands,
Offerings of all sorts,
Milk or its own water,
Lamps were offered
As a mark of devotion
And prayers with folded hands.

It did not wrinkle its face
or frown its forehead
When garbage
The sewage was offered to it

By people living

In cities and towns
Through which it flowed.
Though polluting its purity
And cleanliness.

It had no regrets,
No remorse.
Nothing touched i
For it had no ego.
It had lost that
In search of its beloved.

Placing with joy and love
All that it received.
In its matrix
It moved on
With a sense of fulfillment.

Sitting at its bank
In a pensive mood
Observing the flow
One could see it all.

Same waves of water,
Yet not the same
Always new fresh,
Continuous flow ,
Yet no continuity
Like human consciousness,
human thought,
Same yet not the same.

Making its journey,
Through vales and dales

The huge river
Moved on its journey
Overcoming all obstacles
And Carrying along
Whatever came its way.

But when in fury
Death, destruction,
Unlimited devastation
Would be its goal

The silent, slow moving waters
Turned into turbulent ,
Uncontrollable fury.
Vengeance
Seemed the game it played.
An undeclared war
It would be
Taking the "enemy" by surprise and shock.

Whether in war or in peace
The river moved on
To meet its beloved.

Excited to reach the shore
To be received with open arms
By the sea waves
The river
would open its heart
To offer the sea
Whatever it had
It was an embrace, a union
Of eternal love and peace,

Between the two lovers
Taking it into its bosom
The river would be dissolved.,
Losing its individual identity,
It would get merged
With the Whole.

It would be
The death of known ,
Merger of the known
With the unknown,
Meeting of lover and beloved
The part becoming
One with the Whole,
A state of total denial
And holding the seeds of creation.
A drop of water
Holding the whole sea.
And there was Silence in this union.
With nature watching it all
Its own creation
And all around
There is Joy and Happiness.

The ever dashing river
Diving jumping over mountains
Flowing over vales and dales ,
Full of energy
Suddenly turns sober, serene
When near its goal.
Moving majestically
the river
gets dissolved
in that ocean of eternity

It joins the Timeless
To become immortal.
Never to be born again.

Yet born , living
Flowing through mountains,
Meadows vales and dales
Same yet not the same
And life moves on.

Singing with the poet
“Men may come
and men may go
But I go on for even”.

THE LOTUS

Dawn emerged
From behind the mountains

Morning glory blossomed
To its full
In meadows, lawns
All around.

A new morning arrived
Sounding
a fresh musical note
of Bliss and Love

Yesterday was gone, dead,
Present was a reality,
Future uncertain
Unknown.

Life started
With usual hustle and bustle. .
Hawkers shouting
Inviting customers
With attractive convincing
Catchwords
To sell their merchandise.

The helpless creature
The poor labourer
Throwing a rope over his shoulders
Upon his neck
Moved on to carry the burden of life.
With a load on his shoulders
And basket on the head

He moves on for day's labour.
To earn a livelihood..

A new born lotus in the "Dal"
Feeling very happy
Has come to enjoy
the music of life
in communion with nature
it is full of joy.

A strange sense of stillness
prevailed, all around.
In this morning silence,
When the sun was still asleep

The vast spread of water
Without a ripple on its body
Deep in pensive mood
Concealing below the blue sky
In its bosom
Contained the whole universe.

The "Dal"
covered with a loosely woven
carpet of fresh "khel" leaves
with drops of water
shining like pearls over them
all seemed to be in
communion with the Supreme.

In the morning hours of the day ,
Tranquility and bliss filled the air.
Emerging through deep waters,

the lotus of the "Dal"
Looked like the prince of the lake.
Expressing its inner silent happiness
Through open broad laughing petals.

Tossing its head and body
With joy
It waved with itself on all directions,
Dawn welcomed its graceful birth.

The waves feeling proud
Moved cautiously and steadily
To kiss it.
A silent movement was in the air
As if fairies were dancing in heavens
With all feathery delicacy
And sensitivity of concern
Born out of love
Lest any fast moves
disturb the morning tranquility.
Creating a soothing effect all around.

The slow and silent waves
Moved steadily
To kiss and embrace it
To give it an affectionate bath.
Vying with each other to take the lead
These moved cautiously
with an understanding

The wide leaves, the "khel"
Over the waters
Spread around into a green carpet

The majestic,
Magnificent "Dal"
Felt honoured
Welcoming it with open arms
It took pride in having the glory
In its midst.

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close to its bosom
and sing a lullaby to it.
holding it in its lap,
swinging, waving right and left
with affection
gave the lotus a kiss of love
of eternal joy.

Peeping stealthily
Behind the mountain
With snow clad peaks
The all powerful sun came out
To have a look at the new born
Being eager to have its "darshan"
The sun emerged slowly and cautiously
Lest its dazzling glare
Disturb the prince of lake.

It gradually wiped up
the dew tears
of night's moon
to give a soothing balm
to eyes.

(THE BOATMAN)

Far away from a corner
Beyond the marshes and bushes
Turning the growth sideways
A boatman emerged
From no where,
As if.
Rowing his boat fast
With his tough and rough hands
As if flying through air.
He rowed steadily rough the waves

very appearance of his hands
exposed their crudeness and toughness
gathered through years of struggle

he saw the lotus
from far off distance.

Looking at it with eager eyes
He smiled and laughed to himself
A feeling of satisfaction ran through him
Giving him extensive happiness
He had found something very valuable.

He started rowing fast
As fast as he could
Towards the prize.
He looked right and left
Turning backwards his head
He kept a constant watch over the front
Lest any other boatman
Overtakes him and denies him the lotus
A prize catch it was.

The "Dal" started trembling,
Shivers went down its body
Throbbing bosom exposed its anxiety

Feeling worried
The waves came fast
Running galloping
Warning the vast spread of "khel" laves
To keep proper watch
Least any evil eye or hand

Touches the lake's darling.

The "khel" leaves too trembled
Panic, fear struck them fast
A protection wall they created
Round the lotus

The "khel" leaves were all alert.
Man has butchered man
For his greed, self.

He has lost his sensitivity,
Love for nature
Value of life

How will he spare a delicate lotus
The innocent harmless flower
Blossoming in silence
Blooming with eternal joy of life,
A symbol of purity, innocence,
Untouched by the muddy soil
Of lake; though born of it
It was helpless before "Man"
The all "powerful" creature.
and the 'wisest' of all.

The boatman would not listen
to the pleas of
waves the air
or the "khel"
the family of the "Dal"
With greed filled eyes
The boatman plucked the flower

With full force
Taking away the life of the lake
A great sense of satisfaction overtook him
Looking smilingly at the lotus
He dreamt many a dream

the ever vibrant lake
always full of life
felt stunned, motionless, lifeless
for a while
the whole family
could understand
what had struck them

The lake moaned
And cried in grief
Shedding tears all around
He lake wept bitterly
With tears filling its expanse.
“Dal” wept endlessly.

The waves
beating their breasts
Tearing through waters
Turned mad.
Looking in all directions
The waves searched
For their beloved,
Darling pride of “Dal”
Snatched away
By merciless, cruel
hands of man.

the “khel” leaves
losing their luster,

turned green with grief
losing all vitality
feeling lifeless
full of remorse
having failed to protect the lotus.

The waters of lake
The waves, the "khel" leaves
Were all in grief.
Desperation had taken them over.

The "khels" drowned themselves
in the tears of lake

the all powerful sun
hid itself
taking shelter
behind the dark black clouds
in extreme remorse.'

Feeling of grief.
Engulfed it'
The sun burnt itself
with rage and fury
Behind the clouds.

Mad violence
Overtook the winds
Tossing and dashing
in all directions.
creating havoc
all around
seemed determined
to cause

extensive death and destruction.

Uprooting trees,
Smashing everything
that came in the way
the winds
pulled down everything
causing destruction.

In grief filled anger
Could see no reason.

The skies
wept with the lake
the clouds from heavens
showering their blessed waters
over the lotus
too joined the family-in-grief
the gushing waters from weeping clouds
tears of sky
took everything along
to unknown destinations.

(THE VICTORY)

Far away
Along the banks of the lake
A boat moves slowly
The boatman rowing cautiously and slowly
Making a halt here and there
Wherever and whenever possible
To save himself
Lonely and alone
he rows the boat
over furious waters
of the deeply injured lake

suffering pain of open wounds

sometimes fast sometimes slow.

He is cautious to save his prize

A basket full of his gains

Eager to go to city market

To earn his wages

A price for his labour.

He would not be knowing

If it would have the honour

Of being kept in

a flower vase

To decorate a drawing room

In a rich man's house

To please the eyes of the beholder

Or would be put

on the head of a deity

Or feet of some stone god

Chiseled by man's hand

To please the inner emptiness of man

Or be a garland round a picture

of man or god

He could not say.

But either way

It would provide him

a source of livelihood

The mad waves

Full of violence;

The mad furious winds

All saw the lotus

Their darling

In the basket

A ray of hope emerged
To get their prince back
With all the speed possible
the waves and the winds
rush towards the boat.

Seeing coming them so fast
And in his direction
From all sides
Panic struck the boatman

Making all efforts
To save his prize catch.
He hid behind the marshy bushes
But how could he escape
The waves and the winds
Mad for the lost one.

Surrounding the boatman
Along with his gains or "loot"
The waves and winds
Embraced heir darling.

Keeping in their arms and lap
Near bosom full of love
The waves returned the pride of "Dal"
The prince of :lake
Back to its lawful masters
Its natural habitat.
Which had nurtured it
Nourished it .
The lotus was put back
Where it belonged.

The boatman
in search of his living
And to regain
the fruits of his labour
jumped into the waters
to reclaim his prize catch
but only never to return.

Life went on even in death
The inseparable life and death
Continued to be inseparable
And could not be separated.

Strange silence overtook
The vast expanse of lake
Life and death
Love and death,
Known meeting the unknown
All merged into one
Into that silence
And tranquility
Which is beyond all description
Beyond words
Beyond human mind
And beyond Time

All was calm again
A new life was born
And a new day emerged
Beyond the horizons
All new and fresh
And the wheel of life
Continues to move on.

On Death !

Why to be afraid of death.

It is life itself,
The ultimate truth.
Life and death
are inseparable.

Death like a shadow
Follows life .

It lives with it,
Moves with it
walks and sleeps with it.
though invisble

Death is the truth,
death is the love,
Death is the bliss

The ultimate
unbreakable silence.

From Death
There is no escape.
Do what you Will.

Who says
“death keeps no calendar” ?
They feign ignorance
They are wrong.

Fear of unknown,
Bondage of identity,
Makes man deny death
Struggle, to even defy it.
Death is feared
Lest known is lost

How strange!
The most precise, exact
Movement of nature is
Death

But alas !
Man fears to see it
Understand , face it.

Its move is fixed with life
The moment one is born
death too gets its birth

Life and Death are twins
One is seen, felt ,known
To be loved, fondled
Other

being invisible, silent,
but most powerful
is ignored as unknown
but to be feared.

One day
the twins
Have to meet.

The known
has to meet
the unknown

The two have to merge
When time comes
This is law of nature

The supreme power,
The ultimate truth
So why to grieve !.

The flower must bloom
Spread its fragrance
Only to wither away
With beauty
In silence..

The calculated movements
Of life and death
are determined
As per laws of nature
To the minutest micron
Of time, moment, place
Only man does not know it.

Death moves in silence
lives in silent vibrations
like love.

To understand Death
One must die
While living
Life alone knows death

A Prayer

From the unreal lead me to the real,
From darkness lead me to light,
From death lead me to immortality.

Heat of over seventy summers,
Cold of seventy winters
Accompanied by
Equal number of springs and
Autumn
This life has faced...

Springs
have shown their own bloom,
Summers
given their own heat and warmth,
The mature autumns
showered their blessings
and the winters their solitude

Ups and downs
of over seven decades
This body has seen and lived
So far and
Faced all
With determination
and fortitude.

This body has
Lived with them,

Enjoyed and cursed,
Feeling happy
when comfortable,
Cursing all around
when in discomfort.

Body though aged,
Yet fit,
full of vigor and strength.
The mind as alert as ever.
The warmth of young heart,
The feelings of youth
Same emotions as at twenty.
still rule,
prompting one for pranks

There appears a confusion
A contradiction,
Is it seventy or twenty
Body at seventy,
Mind at twenty
Heart equally young and
Loving
What a paradox !.
The gift of
Carefree love,
Perhaps.
That some feel young in old age
Some get old early than years demand,
Wrinkles on faces
Worries trickling down the cheeks.
Living by competition and greed,
Eager to beat others at every step,

Your grace
Your gait
Slow soft
Delicate steps
No less than
That of a noble breed

A happy soul
Soft spoken words
Eloquent manners
Made you dear to all
You were the glamour of family
The entire dynasty

You held a promise
Which made us all proud
Your decent manners
Ways to entertain guests
Were all an example
A class by itself

Anger was unknown to you
Great hardships
You faced boldly

Your seat of study
Your working place
Your bookshelf
File racks
Are all still there
Where you left them

Untouched
Waiting for your return

Pain and anguish
Deny permission
To touch things
Left behind by you

These are the only
Memories
Proofs of yours existence
Along your beautiful picture
Daily cleaned dusted
To brighten it
Lest any speck of dust
Spoil its shine.

Your artifacts
Your collections
Your decorations
Your paintings
Assorted collections

Have all attained
Sentimental values
A Heritage significance
Which none dares
To touch or disturb.

Cannot still believe
You are not with us

Your enchanting voice
Your beautiful face
All appear and reappear
Day and night
On the screen of memory
In imagination
Hallucinations
To remind us

You belonged to us
Our heart and soul

Your mother
Turned half mad
In the agony
Of your separation

Catching young damsels
Of your age and size
Claiming she is you
Delusions have engulfed
Her grossly.

Difficulty to reconcile
She waits for you
At the entrance gate
For hours.

We fail to understand
What drove you to death
In early hours
Of a holiday

A chinar leaf
Full of life and promise
Falling in the autumn month.
Has been a dilemma

The treacherous death
Taking you away from us
In the prime of your youth

A doctor in the making
Could not challenge
The inevitable

The gnawing wound
Might heal with time
But the scar will remain

Your face unrecognizable
In the emergency I.C.U.
Battling for life
On a ventilator.

The rash negligent
Callous driver
Dashed you to death
When none was near.
The jungi residents
Those who knew
Vanished like smoke
Into unknown

Like ghosts.
To avoid being witness
Their self-interest
Being more important
Than unknown human life.
Hypocrisy callousness
At its heights
Did they really feel unconcerned
Or were lured to escape
Remains a mystery

Even the police
Did not bother
Perhaps helped the witness
To vanish
To avoid their role.

The skies joined mourning
Showers of bliss in heaven
Were poured down
The winds stormed
Around
Beating their chests
And the trees bent
In salutation
Waving adieu
To pay their Homage
When you were cremated

We know you are in the heavens
Shining in the skies

To brighten the world
Remove its darkness

But we upon earth
Miss you

We cannot but help
Ourselves to reconcile
Death is inevitable

Death is the ultimate reality
Eternal truth

Life and death are one
Both together,
Twins

One accompanying the other
Through thick and thin
Death follows life
Like a shadow
Keeping a watch over it
Standing on its right, left
Over the head
Under the feet
All the time

Death is the life

In death all become one
All are at the same level
There is no escape from death
Death all become one
All are at the same level

There is no escape from death
Death is the leveling ground

Fear, selfishness
Desire to continue
Perpetuate our images
Make us shudder death
Run away
But there is no escape,
No running away
No hide and seek game

Death is with us
We nourish it
While we nourish life
Dying while living
May be the real experience
A privileged
Few can enjoy
Few face and live with death
While alive.

Dear kitty
Our soul
We do console ourselves
But in grief,
Pain and anguish
Your absence
Haunts us all
In spite of our faith
In life after death
We hope to meet

In the heavens

One day

You were an epitome

Of humility

Oh! Namrata, the humble one

Humble one in the real sense

We all adore you

Though not anymore

With us

Our homage to you

On your 6th anniversary

Of physical separation

From us.

We pray for peace to your soul.

The Meeting (A Song of life)

Separation brought them together,
In divorce of life there was Unity.
On the shores of the sea of life
They set; Motionless they stood;
A state of Timelessness it was,
Not a single word is uttered,
Not a sigh is heaved.
Silence is the language
Spoken through a expectant eyes.
Tears rolling down convey the meaning.
Oblivious of the surroundings.,
They part, to meet again;
The sea is in deep slumber
All round, in the dead of night
A state of Ecstasy prevails;
There is silence everywhere.
For those, who listen.
April 13, 1984

THE WILL

Bogged down by
Traditions and rituals
Born
out of fear and superstitions
One would like to be free
from these legacies ,Bondages

Carrying
a burden of centuries.

When the D Day comes
One would welcome it
With THE WILL
that should read —

The body be given a good bath,
In clean , pure water
Wrapped up
in clean white sheet of cloth,
and cremated like a log of wood
over fire
or in any most convenient manner
available to the people around..
The ashes soon collected,
without any rituals
be immersed
in flowing waters
of some clean river.
Which can take these
To some unknown destinations,
To let the known meet the unknown
in silence.

Though that should be the close
The end of it all ,
One wonders if human weakness
And bondages
Can allow such a closure!
to satisfy their hearts and souls,
A prayer meet ,
may be arranged,
and the chapter closed.

There has got to be no mourning,
As death means a transition only,
A transformation
To be taken in its own stride
A natural phenomenon.

Welcome the meet of
The two inseparables,
the life and death
known and unknown,

A leaf falls upon earth silently
In autumn
Without creating any commotion,
Without any sound .
How beautiful it looks
In its new brown colour
It is full of life even in death
So must the end of this life be taken
To let the new emerge.

As the mind and heart,
living in freedom

Have not been bound to any
Definite faith or dogma,
Belief or ritual,
So no religious ceremonies,
Rituals must follow;
As these are all born
Out of fear and superstition.
Ruled by ignorance.
All being product of human thought
Like the organized religion—
'The frozen thought of man'.

Thought is binding,
Thought is identity,
Thought is bondage.
Thought is action
Thought weaves "*karma*"
The ever moving chain
Of action ,reaction.
But "*karma*"
must get a break
And end.

Freedom lies in
Breaking
this chain of bondage
leaving the whirlpool..
Freedom lies in
moving beyond thought,
beyond "*karma*".

To meet that
Ultimate, the Truth the Beauty
which is beyond word

Thought must have a stop.

Desire to perpetuate
Even after death
has ruled over human mind
Even the rational minds
For thousands of years
Inventing stories,
Theories and philosophies
To break it all
needs real understanding
inner fearlessness.

It needs inner freedom
To see the reality,
The fact of life
And understand it all.
And
To break away
from the trodden path
Not as a reaction,
but a total action,
seeing the "truth as truth
and false as false and
truth in the false"

One wishes no rituals to follow,
No ceremonies
No tenth day /fourth day
Monthly or six monthly ritual ..
No "*shrad*" or "*pind-dhan*"
No "*Guper-dhan*" and extras.
No attempt to perpetuate.

What is dead
Let its own "karmas" take care.

Any deviation
shall mean only disrespect ,
disregard
lack of consideration
lack of sensitivity and love,
for the departed one.

Om, Shanti! Om, Shanti! Om, Shanti!

(Written on the Budhha Purnima 2007
The 70th birthday.)

The Wornderfull One

Oh! My darling

Oh! My dream

Oh! My love

The throbbing of my heart

How I miss you

Though in my heart

And bosom

I miss you a lot

The moments of

Separation

My heart beats count.

I vividly remember

Yours pranks

Yours innocent smiles

Expressions of

Inner happiness.

Your first lip movements

Are still fresh

In my memory

As if of yesterday;

Though years have passed.

Your maiden attempts

To sit

And your smiles

When all praised,
Encouraged you to sit
Were amazing.
You glanced
Right and Left
To receive applause
Appreciation
Attention.

Your joy was abundant
When you started creeping
Gaining ground inch by inch.

Your failure to move forward
Made you cry.

Expecting help
Looking upon faces around you
You wept more and more
Till some one
Especially mother
Picked you up
Gave you a patting
Embracing tightly
Perhaps to keep in her bosom.

Gradually
You learnt to
Stand erect against a wall.
Standing and falling
Your efforts

Slow moves along the wall
Gave you strength
To stand by yourself.
A source of joy
For you
And for all those
Around.
With staggering steps
Moving about
Holding finger of some one
Slowly you learnt to stand.

Standing
And walking
Gave strength to your legs
To keep you standing.

I remember
How on my belly
You lied
Enjoying its
Movements.
Smiling
Touching my face
With tiny hands
Soft and delicate
Trying to pull my mustaches.

How you laughed
When I cried with pain

Or out of fun
My pain
Made you to glee.

I remember
Lying on my belly
Your restlessness
Discomfort
And weeping
I failed to understand.

I would be punished
For my folly soon
When
Warm stream of water
Made my clothes wet
Drenched.

I paid the price
The wet clothes
I could not change
Till my lullaby
Made you fall asleep.

Lying on one side
I gradually slowly stealthily
Moved out
To change.

It was a usual affair
Both of us
Having fallen victims to the joy

You enjoyed
And I had to share.

Years passed
A creeping child
Now fit to go to school.

How eager you were
To attend a school
With your elder sister
Who fondled you?
Beyond measure
You wept
To accompany her to school.

The D- day came
With steps towards school
You had
Your first day at school
Among tiny tots
Joined these godly ones
As innocent and as lovely
As they could be

Feeling lonely
Among strangers
How you looked for your sister

Locating her
In a class nearby

You entered her class-room
Wept
Teacher cursing.

You passed your school days
With pleasure
Developed your own company.
The umbilical family cord
Gradually
Breaking away.
You chose your own team
Your own friends.

The teen years
Changed you completely
A self conscious
Growing girl
Shy at times
Measuring words to utter
A sense of responsibility
Gradually dawned upon you.

A child
An infant of
yesterday
Turning into full
Womanhood
With maturity
Shining upon face
With a grace.

The non-stopping babbling

Infant

Turning into full orator,

A debater

Full of self-confidence

And concern all

A successful student

With a hope

And aspiration.

Of great magnitude.

A multi-dimensional

Personality

With multifaceted

Interests

You created a niche of your own

Among people round you.

You attained

Posture in society

An assured position.

You gained a status

Envied by many.

Your own efforts

Hard work, struggle

Dedicated love

For an assignment

Paid you

For your labor.

Coming from
A poor family
You turned into a
Bright shining star
For it.
Gaining a status, position
You turned into an
Example for others to follow.

All felt proud
Happiness and joy
Overwhelmed all.

Some times
When alone
And pensive mood
When I think of you
I wonder if it is my
Same toddler
Who on my belly
Would jump up and down
And enjoy her pranks
Leading today
A big business house
A multinational company
Having very little time for home.

Traveling east to west
North to south
Entire globe
Turning into a "home"

But no rest
No home
Almost omnipresent.
But no resting place.

Engrossed in your affairs,
Office, family
You gradually moved
Out of my world
My field of life
Only link being the phone
Or time permitting
A chat
Over web.

Separated for decades
I have grown old
Your childish pranks
Still fresh in my memory

Cannot forget those moments.
The mischiefs
You played with me
And family

I wonder
If you have time
For your own kids.

A casual call after weeks
Swells my chest

With happiness pleasure
Sweet memories
Coming to my mind
Followed by many a dream
I live fantasy
Get lost in imagination.

Your calls means
A new life in my old blood
A new joy
And moments of mirth
To hear your sweet voice
From across the mountains,
Beyond the seas
Crossing all boundaries
Over the continents

Satisfied and happy
That you are, what you are

But alas
I feel sad at times
And miss u a lot
Both joy and sadness
Overwhelm me
At times.

Wishing you
To be near me
To play

The same old pranks

Your attachments
And your memories
Pain me a lot
And strange fears
Of eternal separation
Enter my mind
I don't know
How to
Contain it all.

Am I being selfish
Am I seeking you
For my own satisfaction
Own happiness.

No, I must break
The attachment
As I love you.
I love you
Adore you.

Love is something
Beyond self
Love is love
Love is there
Where there is no "T"
And in remembering you
I feel this "T"
Must vanish

But is it humanly possible

Wherever you are

Or will be

Be blessed

Let eh supreme power

Be your guiding force

Let the universal consciousness

Be your guiding star

Your loadstar

To take you to further heights

This is my praryer for you

My darling

My beloved

My dear love

My knotty daughter

A weeping creeping toddler

Evolved into an example

With a name

An inspiration

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gopi Kishen Muju (M.A. B.Ed. D M S P / M.Phil Clinical Psychology CHA retired as a Clinical Psychologist from J&K Medical Education Department. Had to leave Kashmir in 1990 due to militancy when his father (Pandit Dina Nath Muju) was assassinated Mr. Muju has been associated with several social and professional organizations. He is a Life Member and Fellow Indian Association of Clinical Psychologists, Life Member Indian Institute of Public Administration, Life Member Indian Red Cross Society (J&K Branch), Life Member Youth Hostel Association of India, President Kashyapsa Lodge (Kashmir) of the Theosophical society. Has been associated with the Women's Welfare Trust Kashmir for about sixty years and is presently its President. The W W Trust is running two heritage girls High Schools in Kashmir Vasanta Girls High School and Kashyapa Girls High School, Srinagar. He is the Convenor Kashmiri Hindu Minority Conference and Conventor J&K Religious Minorities Forum etc. He has been associated with the All State Kashmiri Pandit Conference, the oldest organization of Kashmiri Pandits as its General Secretary and Senior Vice-President. Was associated with its Weekly Newspaper Martand for several

years before migration from Valley. He is Associated with All India Kashmiri Samaj and he is a founder member of All India Kashmiri Samaj Trust.

Mr. Muju has been a member of the National Council of BJP and fought elections to the J&K State Assembly in 1996 from Hazratbal Srinagar constituency when militancy was at its peak and in 2002 from Sonawar Srinagar constituency. Eager to return to his roots in Kashmir he feels sad that no authority is serious enough in the matter.

Mr. Muju is a profile writer and has been writing about community affairs and other varied topics. He has authored the first ever book on militancy in Kashmir *Pakistan's Proxy War Explodes Myths About Kashmir* which was released by Shri A B Vajpayee in Sept. 1992. Has written several other booklets like "*Azadi, Stray Thoughts on being A Religious Man*". "*Tohi Ma Kharcheviv Panun Makane, Quadrification / Trifurcation of J&K State of Vivisection of India etc.* He is presently running his own weekly newspaper VOICE OF SILENCE from Jammu. He has been writing news commentary for Radio Kashmir Jammu for over two decades.

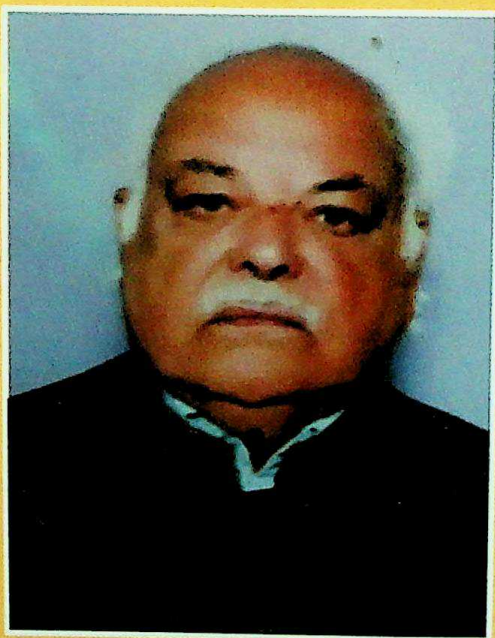
Mr. Muju came under the Influence of Theosophical thought (which aims at creating a nucleus for universal brotherhood without any distinction of caste colour religion or region or sex) and Shri J Krishnamurti (projected as a World Teacher by Theosophists of the time) through his father from his early childhood. which has almost "conditioned" his whole behavior in that mould. A Theosophist and pacifist by nature he is against all violence, discrimination and injustice on any account. But strange enough victim of all these himself. He is eager for restoration of peace in Kashmir and is Working on "MISSION-WE WANT PEACE" in which he is in contact with those who want peace.

Only once have I been made mute.

It was when a man asked me"

"Who are you".....

-- Khlil Gibran



Gopi Kishen Muju

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